or the sharp cry of anguish from one who has been torn by shell or bullet, draws his atten-tion for an instant. There is a quick, tender

battery, in rear of the woods behind the wheatfield, by order of Gen. Banks, through a staff officer. The other three regiments are in line in the woods overlooking the wheatfield: the 46th Pa. on the right, 28th N. Y. in the center, and 5th Conn. on the left. Six companies of the 3d Wis., under Col. Ruger, are in the woods near Crawford. The latter wishes them to form on his right, but Ruger declines to do this without orders from Gen. Gordon. On receiving a posi-

tive order from Capt. Wilkins, of Gen. Williams's staff, the command is given. Crawford sends a staff officer to Gen. the field he was ordered to cross. Taking

off his coat and sword

HE CRAWLS THROUGH THE WOODS to the edge of the wheatfield and reconnoiters. He says in his report:

I found the opposite woods filled with the enemy's infantry in my front, as well as two acres of chinkapin bushes directly on my right. We were so close that the enemy had discovered our movements, and were awaiting us, prepared. Before me, from the skirt of the woods, stretched a wheatfield, with the wheat in shocks, a distance of 320 yards to the opposite woods. It was down a gen-tle slope to a small marshy run that skirted the opposite woods. At the point of the woods on the main road was the battery of the enemy. I sent back to Gen. Banks for a section of brass guns (12pounders), in order that I might shell the opposite woods and shake the enemy's infantry. He sent me back word that it was the decisive movement of the day, and that I must move at once.

Crawford returns to his brigade. Capt Bush and Adj't Sprout, of the 28th N. Y. also go to the front, and peering through the bushes see the wood on the right of the field filled with rebel skirmishers, not a hundred yards away, and they return to their com-

panies of the 3d Wis. (267 officers and men) to the right of Crawford's position, and for orders, or delay on the part of Crawford, these six companies, led by Col. Ruger, Lieut.-Col. Crane and Maj. Scott, push on, gain the edge of the woods overlooking the wheatfield, push over and climb the rail fence in their front, and are in the fatal wheatfield alone! Their line is across the field facing the road, and the rebel battery in the road is nearly in their front. Without orders the men rush for the battery, but when some 50 or 60 yards from the fence they receive so destructive a fire from the front and right flank, that they are compelled to halt and return. The right company was but a few rods from the chinkapin bushes, which are filled with rebel skirmishers. The first volley kills Lieut.-Col. Crane, wounds Maj. Scott in the shoulder, kills Capt. Hawley, who commanded the right company, and kills or wounds one-third of his men. In a very few moments Col. Ruger, finding that he is unsupported, gives the order to fall back into the woods and re-form, which is done, with a loss of 80 killed and wounded, including every field officer.

Meantime Crawford has got on his coat all around him he does not move. charge. He says: "I formed my command and moved forward to the fence, which I had to take down in full view of the enemy."

"FIX BAYONETS! CHARGE!" and into that fatal field, across the stubble, down the slope, across the run, up the rise to the fence in the edge of the woods go 1,300 as brave men as ever loaded musket or handled saber, led by Col. Dadley Donnelly, of the 28th N. Y., a fit leader for brave men. From the time they enter the wheatfield the storm rages. The pitiless leaden bail comes from the front and right flank, but on they sweep with resistless force until the fence is reached. Then there is a first halt for breath, and the men begin firing through the fence. The fence is mounted by Serg't few seconds the saber bayonets of the 28th N. Y. and 5th Conn. are mounting it, and he sings out to his men to stop firing, and not

let the 28th and 5th boys get ahead of them. The 1st Va. (or Irish) battalion fires three rounds, is struck by the 28th N. Y., and breaks, not again to be rallied. About half of the 46th Pa. get over the fence, and find no enemy in their front. The right wing is engaged for a short time with the 10th Va., (Maj. Stover,) which for a few moments arrests its progress; but Maj. Stover finds that the Irish battalion has fallen back, and that the 46th boys are swarming on his left (our right), and he falls back.

The 5th Conn. goes for the 42d Va. Lieut .-Col. Garnett, seeing that there is disorder and rout on the left of his line, orders Maj. Lane, commanding the 42d Va., to "change front' to meet the flank attack, but Lane is killed before he can give the order, and the example of the Irish battalion, aided by the impetus of the charge of the gallant 5th Conn., led by Col. Chapman, quickly sends the 42d Va. in disorder and confusion to the rear.

Our men rush on. There is no regular order, no formal line; all that has been lost in the hurlyburly of the charge across the field and the driving the enemy from their position in the woods. But they all know that the battery in THEIR OBJECTIVE POINT,

and away they go, bearing toward it! They leave the 48th Va. to their left and rear, and appreach unseen within 20 or 30 paces of the 21st Va. The 21st and 48th Va. are busily engaged with Geary's Obioans on the other side of the road. The first salutation the 21st gets is a murderous fire poured into them from the rear. Lieut.-Col. Cunningham is in command, and is on the left, near the 48th. He gives a command which cannot be understood on the right and is soon mortally wounded, and the command falls on Capt. Witcher. The Adjutant is captured; color-bearer after colorbearer is shot down; a hand-to-hand fight takes place, and the regiment is finally driven in disorder from the field. The 48th Va. finds itself nearly surrounded. Its supports on right and left are driven away, and it retires from its position in confusion.

Crawford's three regiments have driven Garnett's force in disorder from its line, and have reached their objective point-the battery in the read. Adi't Sprout, of the 28th N. Y., is killed by the side of one of the guns. But the organization of the brigade is gone. Knipe and Selfridge (Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel of the 45th Pa.) are wounded in the wheatfield : many of the line officers are killed or wounded. The excitement is intense, and after the fleeing rebels go the men of Crawford's command, regardless of battery or order. Portions of them cross the road into the field in front of the battery and in rear of Taliaferro's Brigade, and their fire in rear, with the stampede of Garnett's Brigade, sets Taliaferro in motion to his right and rear. The panic spreads to Early's troops, who, seeing the confusion and retreat on their left, added to the fire of Geary's force in front, share in the demoralization, and half of them leave their position and go to the rear. The 48th Va., in attempting to reach the rear, passes through scattered groups of our First Brigade, and many a desperate struggie takes place. The woods are thick, which adds to the confusion. The color-bearer of the 48th Va. is shot down and the flag falls. Capt. Bush, with a dozen of the 25th N. Y., make a rush for it, | mill owners as a storage reservoir to assist in but are unsuccessful, and Bush is the

ONLY MAN THAT COMES OFF UNHURT. The rebel left is completely broken and crushed like an eggshell, and the center is demoralized and sent to the rear, and done by the three regiments of Crawford's Brigade. If 2,000 fresh troops could have been put in just at this time and place, it might have changed the result of the battle; but they were not to be had. The 10th Me. is nearly half a mile in the rear awaiting orders; Gordon's Brigade is a mile and a haif away, and the golden moment is lost. Some of our boys are peppering away at Taliaferro's men as they are retreating, being directly in rear of the former line of battle of that brigade, when shouts from our boys who have not crossed the road cause them to look up, and they see advancing a brigade of the enemy in line of battle. Taliaferro's men are left alone, and across the road rush our and one child,-the other, a young boy, being men, join the scattered groups in the woods. and, notwithstanding their severe losses in killed and wounded, and the necessarily disorganized condition, they rally once more, and after a desperate hand-to-hand struggle, in which guns are clubbed and sticks and stones are freely used, the famous "Stonewall Brithe rear. Gen. Branch, commanding a brigade of A. P. Hill's Light Division, says:

Gen. Jackson came to me and told me his left was him, and he wished me to advance. I was already in line of battle and instantly gave the order "For- Ayer's Sarsaparilla will give you strength.

ward-March!" I had not gone 100 yards through the woods before we met the celebrated Stonewall Brigade, utterly routed and fleeing as fast as they could run. (Series 1, Vol. XII, Part 2, War of the Rebellion Records, pp. 222 and 223.)

This wild, impetuous charge across the wheatfield has done more than any one could have dreamed to be possible. The brigade of Garnett driven like chaff, Taliaferro's Brigade and half of Early's stampeded and put to rout, and after that the same men, or, rather, the remnant of them, send the Stonewall Brigade of five Virginia regiments flying to the rear "as fast as they could run!"

After ordering Branch to take his brigade to the rescue, Jackson dashes among his dis-Banks to have the artillery fire stopped over ordered and broken forces, and, drawing his sword for the first time during the war, exclaims "in clear, ringing tones that were heard above the roar of the battle, 'Rally, brave men, and press forward!

> YOUR GENERAL WILL LEAD YOU! Jackson will lead you! Follow me!'" Branch comes up with his brigade (7th, 18th, 28th, 33d and 37th N. C.) of A. P. Hill's Light Division, and checks the pursuit of the Stonewall Brigade by Crawford's men. The Stonewall Brigade and portions of Garnett's rally, unite, and with Branch bear down upon the hitherto victorious troops of Crawford. Shattered, wearied and disorganized, their field officers all down, most of their company officers and many of the men either killed or wounded, with no one to help, they fight on, and giving ground sullenly and slowly, nearly surrounded, flanked on both right and left, with fragments of Garnett's Brigade in their rear, they cut their way back to the edge of the woods by the wheatfield, not

ing they have done, and their only chance of escape from death or captivity is to cross that fatal wheatfield once more expesed to a terrific Meantime Col. Ruger takes his six comfire from Branch, Garnett and Ronald, with Archer-1st, 7th and 14th Tenn., 19th Ga. and 5th Ala. battalion-on Branch's left, and Pensome unknown reason, misconstruction of der, with the 16th, 22d, 34th and 38th N. C., rapidly coming up on Archer's left.

Thirteen regiments and one battalion of Hill's Division, with the collected fragments of Garnett's and the Stonewall Brigade, swooping down like an eagle upon this brave, devoted, but shattered band of heroic men-all that are left of the 1,306 officers and men that entered that wheatfield on the eastern side scarce half an hour ago! Every field officer and a large majority of the line officers are killed, wounded or prisoners, as well as hundreds of

But, leaving them here, we return to the 10th Me, which was ordered to support Best's battery in rear of the woods in which Crawford's men formed for the charge. The four guns of Best which we are supporting are near the Orange and Culpeper road and we are in line at right angles with the road, with our left perhaps 150 yards to the rear of the road. Lieut. Muhlenburg, commanding Best's battery, has his hands full; Latimer's battery, on the slope of Cedar Mountain, near the mansion house of Slaughter, gives him more than he wants, aided by the batteries on Early's right. Gen. Banks is for a while in plain sight of

us, as he calmly takes a survey from near Muhlenburg's guns, and though shot and shell fall and sword and formed his line ready for the Meantime the 10th Me. is lying on the ground

THE ROAR OF MUSKETRY in front is fierce and furious, while off to the left it is kept up in increasing volume. Shot and shell and spherical case from Latimer pour down on Muhlenburg. Our attention is divided. We hear crash after crash of musketry in our front, with the Union cheer or rebel yell now nearer, now more remote, and while following in imagination our brave comrades in front, a comrade digs his elbow into my side and points to the battery. It is having a hard time of it, and the overshots from Latimer are falling in dangerous proximity to us. Now a shell explodes over the battery, and some of the fragments strike into the ground in our rear. Then come spherical case, and for a long way just in rear of our toes the dust rises in clouds as the missiles strike the ground. With Barrett, Co. H, 46th Pa., who looks along the | an involuntary impulse each one crawls ahead line, and at first sees no one on it; but in a a few feet, and we almost burrow into the hot sand to get out of their way.

A slight change to the right of the muzzle of that gun would have sent that charge of case shot along the whole left wing of the 10th Me. Afraid? Not exactly; but it isn't pleasant! One moment drags its slow movement after another, and still we lie and wait! How hard it is to wait as we waited, those only who have done so can imagine. Minutes seem to be hours. They have leaden wings with which to fly. The suspense is a far greater strain on one's nerves than would be the hardest actual con-

At last Maj. Perkins, of Gen. Banks's staff, comes up to Col. Beal and orders him to advance through the woods and attack the enemy. At the word we spring to our feet and, "Forward into line! Guide right!" we pass through the narrow belt of woods that separates us from the wheatfield. Arriving at the edge of the woods we get our first look at the field of battle. From where we have been all we could see was the four guns of Best and their men. In our front is the wheatfield, with the grain cut and shocked. The ground descends for about 300 yards with slight undulations till it comes to a small marshy run, then rises slightly for 20 to 50 yards, when the woods again commence. At the edge of the woods is a rail fence. On our right, distant some 400 yards, the northern end of the field is bordered by bushes 10 or 12 feet high. To our left some 250 or 300 yards is the Culpeper road, and to the left of the road, on a ridge seeming to run parallel with the road, we see Geary's men

IN A DESPERATE CONFLICT with the rebels. In one place the color-bearers have stuck their flagstaffs in the ground, and are loading and firing rapidly and well. There seems to be no regular line of battle, but it looks as if the Ohio boys had been forced to retire from an advanced position, and had here made up their minds that they would halt, and the pursuing Johnnies were trying to drive them further to the rear, apparently with no success. The southern edge of the opposite woods, next to the road, is alive with men, and many of our brigade are coming out and passing diagonally across the field to our right. The rebels are coming rapidly up on our right front, and the whole field looks like an unsafe place for a nervous person.

We make no halt, but in such times one sees much in a glance. The writer is on the extreme left of the regiment; he has a good opportunity to see what is going on in the center of our lines. As we emerge from the woods Col. Beal, mounted, leads us on, and at his command we give "three down-East cheers" in that narrow strip of cleared land, which had already seen so many fall, and was yet to be soaked with the blood of the best and bravest of Maine's sons. We have two field, four staff, and 20 company officers, and 435 enlisted men with which to withstand the brigades of Branch, Pender and Archer, with such fragments of | Klegg and Shorty. Let us find them if we been rallied by their officers. The fire of these troops is terrific. It seems impossible for a man to advance 20 yards without being hit. The dust rises all over the field in little puffs, where the balls strike the ground.

[ To be continued.]

A Beservoir Bursts-Sad Loss of Life. On the morning of the 20th a large pond, covering about 20 acres, used by a number of running their mills in dry weather, burst through its banks and inundated the village of East Lee, Mass. As the water rushed down the narrow valley it swept houses, trees, fences,

and everything in its path. Seven lives were lost and over \$200,000 worth of damage done. The dam which held the water in the pond had shown signs of weakness for some time. The persons who owned the privilege of its water supply had been notified, but nothing was done. The calamity is the result of carelessness on their part. The channel gullied by the torrent is from 50 to 200 feet wide, and while the evidences of its terrific power are plainest as the pond is approached, the most serious loss of life and property occurred three

miles from the lake, in East Lee village. In one instance three members of a family named White were killed,-the father, mother saved.

How He Was Saved.

There are funny episodes in every disaster. An old man under the wreck of the cars at Deerfield made known his presence by cursing the railroad company. When he was got out he was found to be terribly bruised, and he gade" is flanked, and is in turn sent flying to fainted. On coming to he immediately resumed his anathematization just where he had been interrupted by his swoon.

In place of that constantly tired out feeling,

He Shows That He Has Good Grit and is a "Stayer."

> BY W. F. HINMAN, 65TH OHIO. [COPYRIGHT, 1886.]

> > No. XXVII.

Now the 200th Indiana changes from its movement by the flank. Still on the double-quick the regiment forms in battle array. There is a momentary pause te dress the line, and then it moves rapidly but steadily forward. Every eye is fixed toward the front. Every countenance is rigid with a determination not to flinch in

More thickly fly the bullets, and more angrily they hiss through the air. The first man falls. A swift bullet strikes him squarely in the forehead and he goes down, a lifeless heap. His comrades on either side for an instant shudder Who, himself mortal, and liable the next mo-

ment to meet a similar fate, can look upon such

a scene without a tremor? Now a brave fellow-

soldier, an associate from boyhood, a loved messmate, perchance a brother, presses forward by your side, facing the pitiless storm. You feel the touch of his elbow, and your own courage is strengthened by his presence and commore than 30 minutes from the time they | radeship. The next moment his body lies at your feet. How your heart leaps; how keen started on the charge from the opposite wood your feet. How your heart leaps; how keen All that soldiers can do in the way of fig the pang that pierces your breast! One quick glance, and you are borne along by the rushing tide that sweeps on and on. Soon your mind and heart are full of other thoughts, as you enter the whirlwind of battle, and death's sickle is busy around you, reaping its ghastly harvest. But when the fight is done, around the campfire, in the narrowing circle of the "mess," on the march, and lying wrapped in your blanket, tender memories will come to you of him who fell by your side. Nor can the thrilling em

> span! Another falls, and another! Quick as the lightning's flash speed the missiles upon their awful errand. Soon a dozen-twenty-are missing from the ranks. As you push on, cast your eve backward for an instant and you may see them. Some are lying motionless. They will answer no more at roll call. Others, pierced through body or limb, are writhing in pain, while the fast-flowing life-streams redden the shuddering earth. Above the roar of the conflict groans and sharp screams of agony reach the

tions of that moment when he was stricken

down be effaced by all the years of life's longest

A solid cannon shot comes rushing through the air, with a loud zh-h-h-h that makes the stoutest heart to quail. It plows through a file, front and rear, and two brave heroes lie in a shapeless, quivering mass. A well-timed shell plunges into the ranks. It bursts with deafening sound, and half a score of men are scattered upon the ground, torn and mangled by its cruel "Close up, men!"

The gaps are closed and the panting soldiers push bravely on. This is war, in all its dreadful reality. The moving canvas has at last brought to the eyes of the 200th Indiana the picture painted in its

most lurid colors. The regiment nears the spot where the combat is raging in all its fury. A little way ahead, dimly seen through the smoke that hovers over the field, is the line of blue, wavering before the storm. Bravely and well those fastthinning ranks have stood in the face of that withering blast. But their cartridge-boxes are well-nigh empty. Some have fired the last charge and have fixed bayonets, determined to die rather than yield. The enemy is preparing to launch fresh troops upon them, and without speedy succor they must be overwhelmed. Messengers have been sent in hot haste to hurry forward the promised relief. Will it arrive before the exultant foe hurls his eager battalions upon them?

"Forward, my brave men; do your utmost!" shouts the Colonel of the 200th. All along the line officers and men catch the word. A loud cheer bursts from every lip as they sweep forward. It reaches the ears of the sorelypressed men at the front, and they send back through the trembling air glad shouts of greet-

At every step men of the 200th are falling before the leaden hail. Shot and shell tear the ranks, or go crashing through the trees above and around. The gaps are closed and strewn with the dead and the dying.

the line rushes over the ground now thickly Down goes the Colonel's horse, pierced by a



DOWN GOES THE COLONEL'S HORSE.

his sword and dashes ahead. The shouts of the enemy are heard, and a wild yell of defiance is sent back in response. Twenty paces more-ten-five! Lack of ammunition has caused the fire to slacken. En-

couraged by this the enemy is preparing to charge. Not a moment is to be lost. The 200th Indiana passes through the decimated ranks and stands face to face with the foe. As the Colonel steps to the rear of the line he gives hasty command: "Battalion! Ready-Aim-Fire!"

With blaze and roar five hundred muskets send a volley of bullets that causes the enemy to reel and stagger. "Load and fire at will!"

Now it is work, desperate and furious. Every man feels that his own life may depend upon the rapidity with which he delivers his fire. Cartridges and rammers are handled with nimble fingers. Thick and fast the bullets fly into the ranks of the enemy.

But in the onward rush of the regiment we have for the moment lost sight of Corporal Garnett's and the Stonewall Brigades as have | can, amidst the smoke and din and carnage, | ing ordeal.

Ah, there they are, side by side, loading and



A PAIR OF PLUCKY HOOSIERS hundred battles. We had an abiding faith that

they would not be found wanting when weighed in the balance. Look upon the face of Si and you will see pictured there what it was that conquered the great rebellion-the spirit of courage, of unyielding determination, and of patriotic devotion, even to the supreme sacrifice, if need be, of life itself. There were many boys such as he, who were giants in valiant warfare-heroes indeed, who looked unflinchingly in the face of death on many a well-fought field. The missiles fly around him with venomous

know, each holds the life of the other as dear as his own. somewhat of the "rough-and-tumble" sort, and was thoroughly tested. His feeling for Si was like that of a brother, and while he had un- fire and blood and death! bounded confidence in his good intentions, he had not been without a fear that his "pard" were aroused from their bivouac he had kept an anxious eye upon him, and it was with a keen satisfaction that he noted his gallant bearing. An occasional glance at the face of his comrade

true metal. "That feller was bout right when he said 'twas mighty hot in here," said Si, as he rammed a bullet into his musket, "but I'm gittin' kinder used to it now, 'n' I don't keer fer it a bit." Si took a cap from his pouch, placed it upon

was enough to assure him that he was made of

the nipple, and blazed away. "Thar!" said he, "I don't like ter think 't I'm here doin' my level best to kill people, but I jest hope that bullet 'll hit the man 't broke Bill Johnson's leg a bit ago. Bill 's sittin'

after cartridge and fires with careful aim. The fight bravely on, with no thought of turning fall of a loved comrade, struck by a fatal shot, their backs to the enemy. Once-twice-thrice the colors of the 200th

have gone down, as those who bore them have successively fallen. They disappear but for an glance of sorrow, a word of sympathy, and again he is absorbed, with an intensity that no words can express, in the awful duty of the hour. The flag, torn and rent, but glorified and Every nerve and fiber of his body is strained to beautiful, floats proudly in its place. The the utmost. He has no thought for himself, | sight of its stripes and stars, waving amidst the though now and then he turns his eye to see if | smoke and blaze of battle, is a sublime inspira-Shorty is still untouched. It has been no time | tion. It is the very embodiment of the cause for talk; but, standing together in the fiery for which they are fighting and bleeding and breath of battle, they have exchanged now and dying—the emblem of liberty and the unity of then a word of cheer. Bound together by ties | a great Nation. The soldiers cheer as they look of companionship that none but soldiers can upon it. Brave men, wounded unto death, turn their eyes to its graceful folds and faintly shout, with the last gasp of swiftly-ebbing life, Shorty is cool and deliberate, though scarcely Ah! You who have never stood beside your less active than Si in all his movements. He had never felt any real doubt of himself. His experience with the world all his life had been throbbing heart of the patriot volunteer! He never looks upon it to-day that it does not rethere were occasions when his personal courage | call the valor and the heroic suffering of those who followed it during those fearful years of

The steady and well-directed fire of the 200th and the other regiments of the brigade to far the army began its return march, Gen. might be one of the many whose courage would | which it belonged has held the enemy in | Sheridan being determined thereto by infail at the critical moment. Ever since they | check. There are signs of weakness in the opposing line and a charge is ordered. "Battalion-Cease firing!" shouts the Colonel of the 200th, dashing to the front. "Fix-Bayonets!" 'D'ye hear that, Shorty?" says Corpora

Klegg, as he quickly responds to the command. "Now we're goin' ter go for 'em. That jest suits me!" There is a click and clatter for an instant, and the line bristles with points of steel.

"Close up on the center!" The line is but half as long as when formed in the morning. "Charge-Bayonet! Forward-Double-quick -March!

The men spring at the word, and sweep forward with loud shouts. In a moment or two



THE CHARGE OF THE 200TH INDIANA.

'hind that tree tryin' to tie up his leg. I'd | they are looking into the very muzzles of the them Johnnies first, and we're goin' ter do it, Shorty, sure's yer born." And another ball from Si's gun sped upon its mission.

The tremor and unsteadiness that Si showed in the morning had entirely disappeared. As he told Shorty, he was now "getting used to it." His tongue was once more loosened and he found relief from the strain upon him in talking to Shorty in his accustomed way, still loading and firing with unabated zeal. "I was afraid we'd be too late gittin' here"-

and Si interrupted himself to bite a cartridge-"'n' I tell ye we was jest in the nick o' time, for them boys was mighty near out o' am'nition. One of 'em told me he hadn't a catridge left." "Take that, 'n' see how ye like it!"-and Si pulled the trigger again.

"I've emptied my box a-ready," he went on, this time. I sh'd think what's left of 'em tory. 'd begin to think 'bout lightin' out o' there. A member of Company Q, a friend of Si, is Mebbe we'll git a chance purty soon to give one of the last to fall, in the moment of victer charge 'em once."

"P'raps the rebs 'll do the chargin'," said Shorty, who had taken scarcely part enough in the talk to make it a conversation. The officers had ordered the men to lie down, that they might be less exposed to the enemy's | licked 'em, didn't we Si?"

fire. But Si wouldn't lie down. "I'm goin' to stan' up to it," he said to Shorty, "I kin shoot jest twicet's fast that way 's I kin lyin' down; I aint goin' ter git 'hind no tree, nuther. I'll let the ossifers have the trees. They 'pear ter want 'em more 'n I do. | Here, Bob, take a swig out o' my canteen." It looks's if a man was afeard, 'n' I know I

This feeling was common to new troops in odium connected with the idea of seeking cover. It was too much like showing the white feather. But in the fullness of time they all got over this foolish notion. Experience taught them that it was the part of wisdom, and not inconsistent with the highest courage, to protect themselves when opportunity was afforded. They found that it was a good thing to interpose trees and stumps and stone walls between their bodies and the enemy, while loading their

"Ouch!" exclaims Si, as he feels a smart rap on his head, that staggers him for a moment, and a twinge of pain. "Did ye bump me with yer gun, Shorty?" "No. I didn't touch ye, Si."

"Then I reck'n 'twas a bullet. Jest look at my knob, 'n' see 'f I'm hurt any!" They drop upon their knees and Si whisks off his hat. There are the holes where a bullet has passed through it. Blood begins to trickle down over his face. "Plowed a neat little furrow on yer scalp,

Si, but 'taint deep. D'ye want ter go back?"
"Not 's long 's I kin stan' up and shoot," says Si. "Guess 'f I was killed I'd ha' found it out 'fore this. Take my han'k'chief 'n' tie 'er up. That's 'bout 's class 's I keer to have 'em come, but Johnny Reb'll have to do better 'n that if he wants ter make me quit. I tell ye, I've come to stay, Shorty."
"Bully fer you, Si! I'm proud o' yer pluck!"

says Shorty, as with gentle fingers he wipes the blood from Si's face, and ties the crimsoned handkerchief around his head. "Now I'm all right!" says Si, as he springs

to his feet and rams in another cartridge. 'Shouldn't wonder 'f it would do me good to let out a little blood. I'd like to get even with that chap!" And he sights his gun in the direction from which he thought the hostile bullet had come. "I hope that'il fetch him!" Spat! A ball strikes the stock of his musket,

and knocks it into splinters. There goes my gun, Shorty. Seems 's if them fellers was all tryin' ter hit me. But this only strikes Uncle Sam 'n' the pocket, 'n' I guess he kin stan' it. There's poor Tommy Smith 't was killed a few minutes ago. He's lyin' thar with his gun 'n his hand. I'll git that 'n' try morning has been averted. More than a third 'n' make it do good sarvis fer him 'n' me, too!' Si flings away his disabled piece. Bending over he tenderly disengages the musket from the clutch of the yet warm but stiffening fingers of his dead comrade. A tear gathers in his eye, but he brushes it away, and again he is by the side of Shorty, loading and firing with redoubled energy, as if to make up for the time he

A bullet skims very glose to Shorty's body, cutting the strap of his baversack, and the latter falls to the ground. "They've cut off my supplies, Si," he exclaims, as a faint smile creeps over his grim face. "But

can't stop ter fix that now!" "Never mind! says Si. "Jest keep blazin away at 'em, 'n' we'll manage 'bout the grub. I'll go halvers with ye on what I've got.' Scarcely 20 minutes have passed since we ound Si and Shorty so bravely fighting the foe. Events crowd rapidly upon each other at such

We glance along the line of the 200th Indiana. Nearly half its men and officers have been killed or wounded. The body of the Lieutenant-Colonel lies stiff and stark. The Adjutant has been borne to the rear with a bullet through his breast. The Major is still at his post, with a bleeding arm carried in a sling. The brave Colonel is yet untouched. Proud of his gallant men, he passes fearlessly through the ranks, with words of commendation and cheer. Now he stops for a moment to stanch a wound, and

sufferer. Captains and Lieutenants have fallen on every hand. Some of the companies have lost hiss, and patter against the trees, but he seems | all their officers and are commanded by Sernot to hear them as he rams home cartridge geants. But the men who have been spared Cure relieves and cures promptly.

like ter go 'n' help him, but we've got ter lick enemy's guns. During that brief period many more have fallen, but the men rush on like a resistless tide. The enemy's line trembles, quivers, and then, without waiting to meet the shock, breaks in confusion. The men of the 200th dash after them with wild yells, picking their way among the dead and wounded that encumber the field. Si and Shorty engage in the charge with the utmost enthusiasm. None are farther to the

> front than they. One of the enemy's colorbearers stands bravely at his post, but on either hand the line is fast melting away. Fairly leaping over the ground Si and Shorty present their bayonets and demand surrender. There is no alternative, and the flag and its bearer are theirs. At length the eager men are recalled from

the pursuit. Back they come with glad shouts 'n' I'm usin' the catridges I brought along in of exultation, bringing many prisoners as tromy pocket. Mighty glad I've got 'em, too. I've | phies of their valor. Whatever may have been been aimin' low, jest 's the Cap'n told us, 'n' the fate of battle elsewhere along those miles I'd orter 've hit forty or fifty of the rascals by of fighting, the 200th Indiana has won its vic-

'em the bay'net. I feel 's though I'd jest like | tory. As the regiment is ordered to withdraw Si bends over his wounded comrade. "How d'ye feel, Bob?" he asks, with kindly sympathy, "Ar' ye hurt much?' "Purty bad, I'm 'fraid," is the answer. "]

guess that bullet busted my knee. But we "Course we did! I knew we was goin' to all the time. You're a brave boy, Bob, 'n' I aint | the First Division of cavalry, under Merritt goin' ter leave ye lyin' here. Shorty, jest take my gun, 'n' you march our pris'ner back. Let him carry his flag, 'n' I'll take Bob on my back.

A draft of water refreshes the sufferer. "Hyar, lemme give ye a lift," says the rebel color-bearer. "I 'low we're all human bein's their first fight. In their minds there was an | if we be fightin' an' killin' each other. He's wounded an' I'm a pris'ner. We ain't none of us cowards an' we kin be friends now." Shorty and the captive gently lift Bob and place him on Si's back. "Grip yer arms 'round my neck 'n' hang



on!" says Si; and away he goes bearing him to the rear. The 200th is relieved by a regiment which, thrown into confusion by the attack in the early morning, has been rallied and reformed, and is again ready for battle. The 200th is ordered to the rear for rest and refreshment, and to replenish its cartridge-boxes, that it may be ready if again called into action. Its wounded are tenderly cared for, but there is no time now to bury the dead. For the present they the brilliant deeds of the corps in the last the where they fell.

Cavalry Corps, as after this bacter.

Sickness a history study. It have falled is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Sendatones for a treatise and a not now receiving a cure. Sendatones for a treatise and a present they fell.

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Cavalry Corps, as after this bacter.

The day wears away. All along the line the fierce assaults of the enemy have been successmorning has been averted. More than a third of the men in both armies have been killed or wounded. Some companies and regiments have been for the time almost blotted out of existence.

The deepening shadows of that awful night settle down upon the bloody field-upon soldiers weary and worn, blackened by smoke and grime, but yet undismayed-upon great hospital camps filled with thousands of torn and mangled men, whose sufferings tender hearts and willing hands are striving to allay-upon other thousands of wounded who yet lie among their dead comrades between the hostile lines, chilled by the pitiless December frost. It is New Year's Eve.

A Girl Arrested for Murder. Emma Fleetwood, aged 20, was arrested at Charleston, Mo., for the murder of her father and mother on the 9th of April, 1884. Both the bullet and ax were used on the old couple, and the house was then set on fire. The neighbors extinguished the flames and found the father with his head almost severed from his body and two bullet holes in his breast. The mother was mutilated in a similar manner. The only other occupants of the house were John Winbelbach, the hired man, and the daughter Emma. Winbelbach was arrested, bat, after two trials, was acquitted. New evidence has recently come to light, and on this the girl was arrested. The crime created the again to place his flask to the lips of a fainting greatest sensation in Southern Illinois at the

U. S. Senator Gorman says Red Star Cough

BOOTS AND SADDLES." (Continued from 1st page.)

"General, I am satisfied they are all relieved," replied Newhall. "Well, Colonel," replied Sheridan, "I am

satisfied too." The transfer of the First and Third Divisions of cavalry, under Torbert and Wilson, was accomplished with all speed, and by the 10th of August we were at Harper's Ferry, having been reinforced by the Sixth Corps, under Gen. H. G. Wright. We did not remain long at Harper's Ferry, but were soon moving up the Valley pike to Harrisonburg and beyond, but without much resistance from the rebels, and, consequently, no fighting. Gen. Sheridan was

MUCH ANNOYED BY MOSBY and his men during the march, and lost a young officer of his staff named Meigs, who was virtually assassinated while in per-formance of his duty as Engineer officer of the army. After moving up the valley so formation received from Gen. Grant. We fell back to Halltown, a small place about four and a half miles south of Harper's Ferry. We were further reinforced by two divisions of the Nineteenth Corps, under

Gen. Emory. After this we again commenced to move up the valley and reached a stream called the Opequan. All movements in the army were made with great caution at this time. A disaster would have been almost ruinous to the Union cause, as the Presidential election was approaching and the Democratic party was croaking over the loss of life and the vast expenditure of money; but Sheridan was just the man for that command, upon which so much depended. His caution and care were fully justified in the great victory obtained by his army over Early at Opequan Creek, near the town of Winchester, on Sept. 19, 1864. The cavalry did good service on this day. The Third Division, under Wilson, being on the left, and the First Divison, under Merritt, with the West Virginia cavalry, under Averell, on the right. The rebel cavalry, under Fitz Lee, was on the left of Early's army, somewhat north of the town of Winchester, and consequently in front of the gallant First Division of our cavalry.

In the afternoon of that day, so glorious to our army, the First Division made a charge upon the rebel cavalry, captured two guns and broke their line, and they in turn falling back to their infantry line at a full gallop, broke up that line, and soon Early's whole army, horse, foot and dragoon, "was whirling up the Valley" pike. The panic was greatly increased by the Third Division of cavalry. The rebel army was hotly pursued to Fisher's Hill, where it attempted to make a stand, but our gallant fellows rushed right over it and took what guns it had remaining. The pursuit of the rebel army was continued to Edinburg and beyond, Division fell back down the Valley to get nearer our base. In the meantime a new commander for the rebel cavalry had arrived in the Valley. As the rebels said, he had come to be "the savior of the Valley," and his name was Thomas L. Rosser." Gen. Sheridan's army had encamped near

Tom's Brook, a tributary of the Shenandoah. On the 8th of October, upon our arrival in camp, Gen. Emory reported that his rear had been annoyed by the rebel cavalry. This did not please Gen. Sheridan, and so on the morning of Oct. 9 Gen. Torbert, with the two divisions of Merritt and Custer, was sent to look after them. We made an early march -Merritt on the Valley pike with the First Division, and Custer with the Third Division on what was called the Back road, at the foot of the North Mountain, and which runs parallel with the pike. Our advance

SOON ENCOUNTERED THE ENEMY, and, after a short but sharp fight, we started them in retreat on both roads, and continued chasing them at a full run to Mount Jackson and beyond. They never again made a stand, and we returned to camp with two complete batteries as captures and many prisoners. It was the most complete defeat of the rebel cavalry, and was ever after referred to by us as the Mount Jackson races. After this we moved slowly back to Cedar Creek, and went into camp on that stream, on the left, and the Third, under Custer, on the right. Between the two divisions of cavalry was the infantry of the army, consisting of Crook's Corps, the Sixth Corps under Gen. Wright, and two divisions of the Nineteenth Corps, under Gen. Emory.

The army was encamped here for some days, and, everything being so quiet, Gen. Sheridan went to Washington to have the Front Royal Railroad from that city to the Valley rebuilt, as it would save miles of wagon transportation for the supply of the army. At daylight on the 19th of October, 1864, the rebel division of Gordon, having ferded the Shenandoah during the night, suddenly broke through the low underbrush that fringed the banks of the stream, and completely surprised the Eighth Corps, under Gen. Crook, and sent it in full flight to the rear. Its example and flight produced its effect upon the Nineteenth Corps, and part of the Sixth Corps, except the division of Gen. Getty, which coolly retained its organization, as did both the divisions of cavalry. These commands hadformed line of battle, and were maintaining their ground when Gen. Sheridan arrived in hot haste from Winchester, accompanied by Sandy Forsyth and Capt. O'Keefe. He had returned that far to rejoin the army, and was in Winchester when he heard the sound of the cannon that told him a battle was in progress. His ride has been made a never-dying memory by the pen of Buchanan Read. As he advanced up the pike he met the demoralized and panic-stricken men of the Eighth and Nineteenth Corps, but his inspiriting action and speech soon restored them to their senses, and, facing to the front, they went as fast toward the enemy as they had been going away from him, and aided materially in securing the victory that finally crowned the arms of the Union army that day.

I must now say good-by to the gallant Cavalry Corps, as after this battle I was days of the Confederacy-Five Forks, Sailors' Ceek, and Appom attex Court-house.

[ To be continued.]

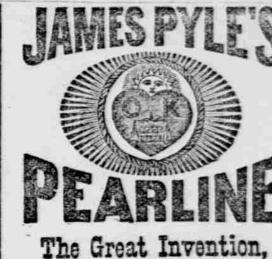
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